



Petrus Romanus, pseudonyme de Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira, est né à Bucaramanga, en Colombie, en 1968. Dans "Hymnes à Jésus", Hugo décrit son expérience mystique avec Jésus, qui l'a oint comme Prophète pour juger les vivants et les morts le 1er juin 2011.

"Roi des Rois" raconte ses expériences en 2022, lorsque la Sainte Trinité lui a révélé qu'il était Petrus Romanus, à la veille d'une tentative d'assassinat ratée par des agences internationales soutenues par le Vatican. Il écrit actuellement "Les Condamnations", prélude à la mission que Dieu lui a confiée : proclamer le Royaume des Cieux sur Terre.

Petrus est également réalisateur de 5 films et auteur de plus de 50 livres, dont des nouvelles, des romans, des pièces de théâtre et des ouvrages d'ontologie.

L'œuvre est aussi un reflet autobiographique de la vie de Hugo Noël, une chronique de son voyage spirituel à travers des villes comme Paris, Madras (Chennai, la « Cité de la Mère de Dieu », où l'apôtre Saint Thomas témoigna de sa foi), et Bogotá, où il fit du globe sa scène. Depuis ses expériences mystiques – comme celle où il entendit la voix de Jésus lui demandant pourquoi il avait oublié

Son image dans sa chambre, lui révélant qu'il ne doit pas être jugé par Son apparence, mais par Son cœur – jusqu'aux épreuves qu'il affronta, comme la tentation du démon lui offrant les royaumes du monde, Hugo devient un humble instrument de paix et de réconciliation. Ses poèmes, qui englobent des visions prophétiques aussi bien que des réflexions philosophiques, comme un athéisme aligné sur les principes chrétiens, sont une prière, une méditation et surtout une révélation de vérités anciennes : Dieu est pure connaissance, et le démon, pure ignorance.







Petrus Romanus



Hymns to Jesus

Petrus Romanus

Hymns to Jesus

The Anointing of the Judge
of the Living and the Dead





consultoras stanley editores

Stanley Publishers E-Book and print
Original Edition, August 2025
consultorastanley@gmail.com
Bucaramanga, Colombia
Hugo Noel Santander Ferreira © 2025

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ISBN: 9798854648523

Cover and back cover design
© Leyla Tobías de Santander
Interior design virtual and printed books by Leyla Tobías de Santander. Followed by Hugo
Noël Santander Ferreira
Printed and Digitally Originated in America



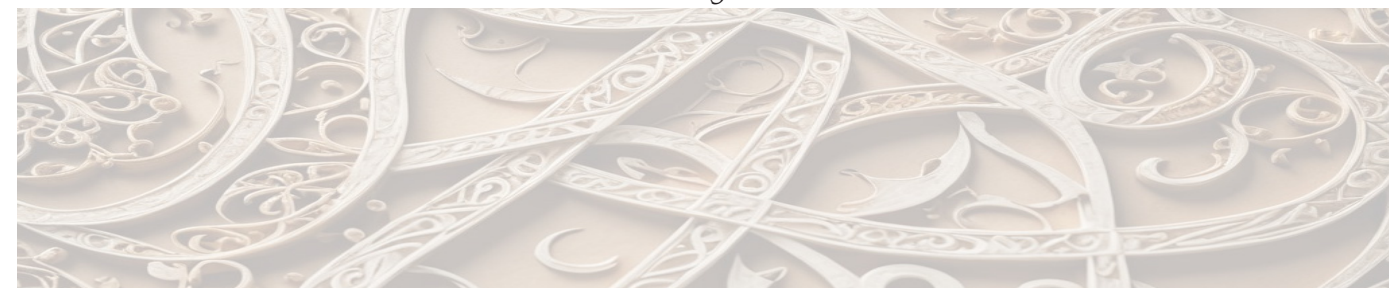
First Edition
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To the Virgin Mary, Mother of God

To you, in a sick and cruel world,
where spiritual deception is common,
from unfounded fears of death,
you were incarnated to lead me
back to my beloved Lord,
who granted me theopneustia,
the gift of transcribing the voice of God.

Through you, my soul finds divine inspiration,
and by Heavenly Grace exalts
my voice where wisdom rhymes.
Through verses and metaphysics,
the voice of Heaven descends and reveals itself,
when I write, drawing near to you,
my pen is exalted in your glory.





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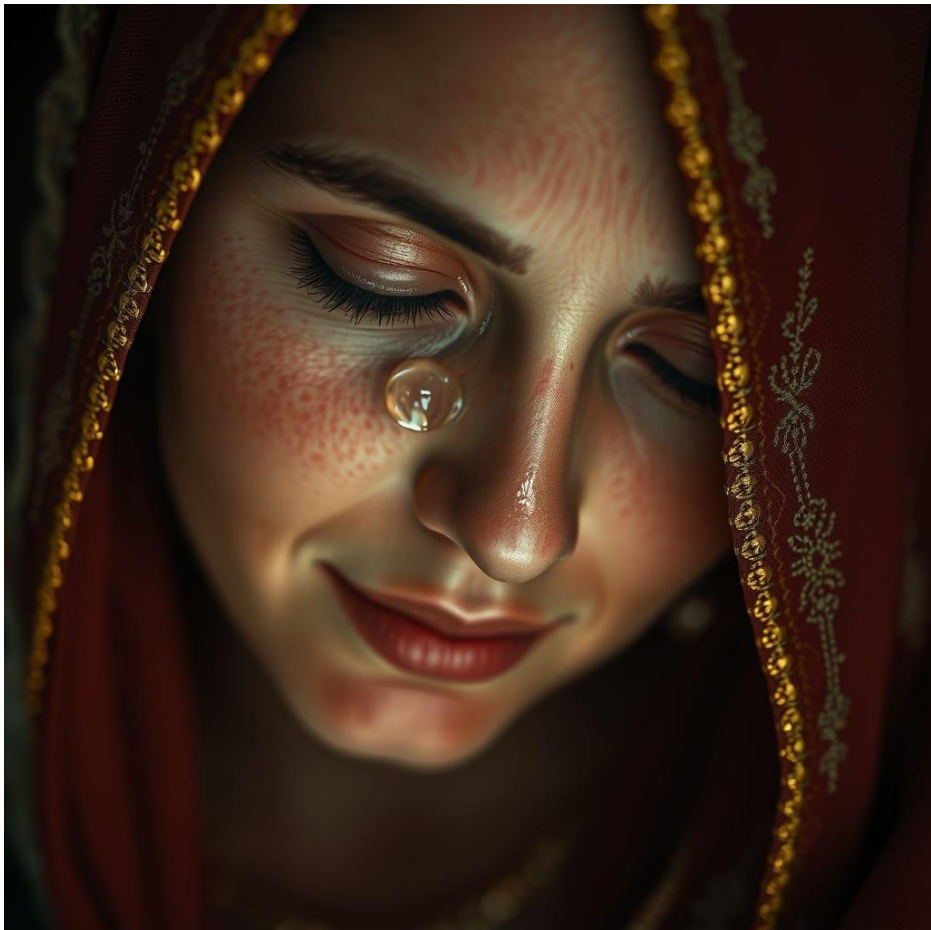
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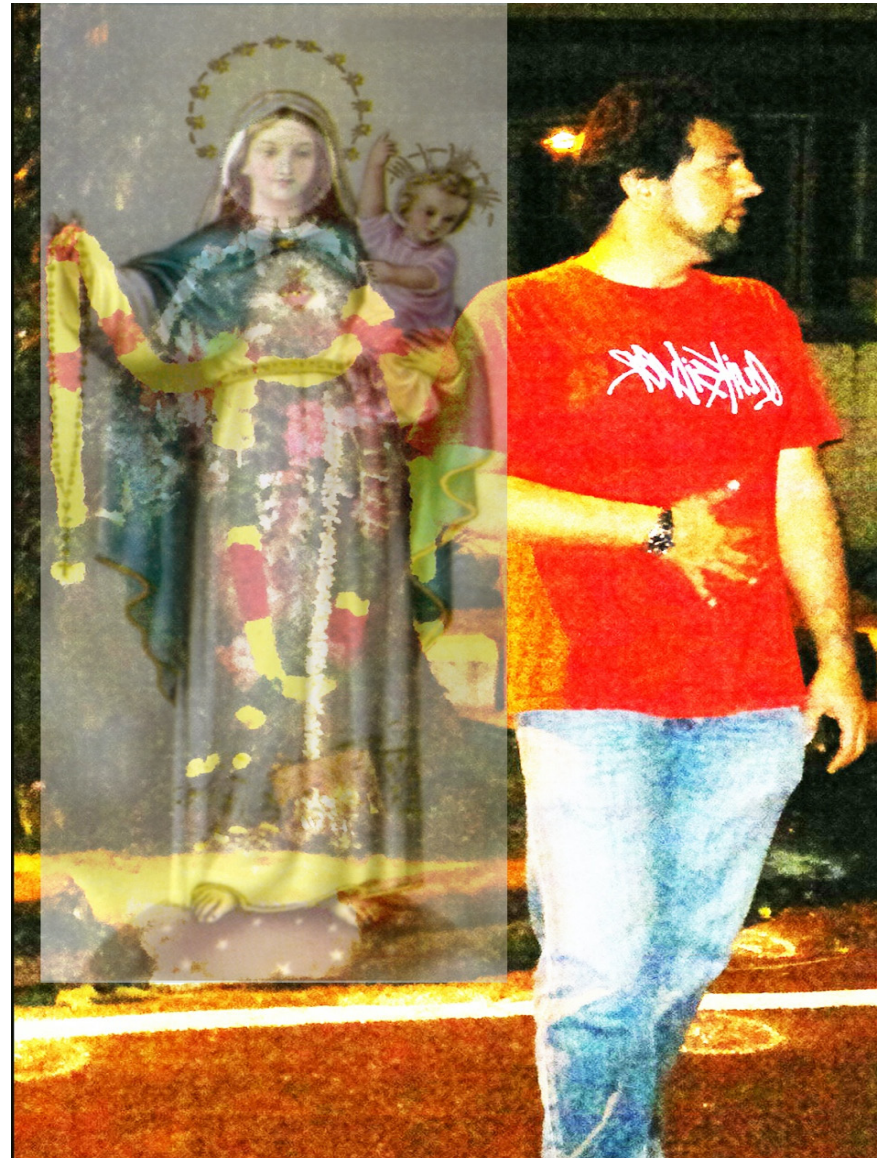


Hymns to Jesus

Nothingness is real, and it's a sea of light

Robert Penn Warren





Prologue

In *Hymns to Jesus: The Anointing of the Judge of the Living and the Dead*, Petrus Romanus offers a sublime hymn that resonates with the voice of the divine: "Sing, Jesus, God, Son of Man!" Through delicate verses, anointed as a prophet by the Holy Trinity and at the request of Jesus himself, the poet guides us on a spiritual journey where his heart encounters the eternal. This work, both a spiritual testament and a prophetic dialogue, intertwines the human and the divine in intimate communion—to the point where the poet speaks as God, and God as the poet, merging their identities in the transformative love of faith.

Rooted in the rich tradition of mystical literature from figures like Meister Eckhart, Teresa of Ávila, and John of the Cross, Ferreira's poetry transcends the vanities of the material world—fame, money, power—leading us with a serene voice toward the mysteries of the divine, once inscrutable, now revealed. His verses, inscribed in modern lyricism, dethrone the sacred from religious hierarchies to commune with it intimately, lifting us from the complexities of daily suffering to the redemptive power of God's reciprocated love.

At the heart of this work, Jesus emerges not as a distant deity but as a living, close presence: judge and saviour, justice and mercy, calling the poet—and by extension, the reader—to a higher purpose: to impose the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, confronting the Vatican, a church that Petrus Romanus denounces as usurped by worldly powers.

This work is also an autobiographical reflection of Hugo Noël's life, a chronicle of his spiritual journey through cities like Paris, Madras (Chennai, the "City of the Mother of God," where the Apostle St. Thomas bore witness to his faith), and Bogotá, where he turned the world into his stage. From his mystical experiences—such as hearing Jesus' voice asking why he had forgotten His image in his bedroom, revealing that He must not be judged by appearance but by the heart—to the trials he faced, like the devil's temptation offering him the kingdoms of the world, Hugo becomes a humble instrument of peace and reconciliation.

The presence of the Virgin Mary weaves a divine thread throughout the collection, celebrated by the poet as the origin and guide of his journey toward Jesus. Mary, mother of those who suffer, intercedes with her

maternal love before a Holy Trinity outraged by the sins of humankind, offering consolation in times of anguish and protection from obstacles. Her divine compassion, manifested in the life of the prophet—a terrible judge willing to forgive the unforgivable—is intertwined with the experiences that inspired works such as “New Manhattan Soirées” and his research into the apparitions of Fátima, Portugal, strengthening the poet in the face of doubts and trials.

The universality of this poetry is one of its most remarkable aspects: though written in Spanish, Hugo Noël translates and sings his verses in eight languages, bridging the spiritual and the mundane, mirroring the life of every reader. His poems respond to life’s meaning, reclaim nobility as divine aegis, and assert that catastrophes stem not from climate change but from the transformation of charity and compassion into selfishness and cruelty in societies.

In an era that insists no one is special, that we all live alone, and that fortune obeys chance, Hugo Noël testifies to an exceptional life based on love for the precepts of the four Gospels. His exceptionality lies not in what the world values—power, fame, or money—but in reaching God and, with Him, eternity, the universe, Being itself. Through these pages, readers will witness his struggle against deceit, discrimination, and injustice—a hymn to humanity reminding us that loving desires are not offenses to God but divine manifestations within us. Each poem invites reflection on faith, existence, and hope in troubled times, leading us by the hand toward wisdom, compassion, and unity—and ultimately, our own communion with the divine.

Leyla Margarita Tobías de Santander
 Sincelejo, Colombia
 April 7, 2025





Petrus Romanus



Hymns to Jesus

Sing Jesus, God, Son of Man

Sing, Jesus, God, Son of Man,
Sing in my tongue, the Spanish of my soul.
Once vast in fame across the land,
Now but a graveyard where broken porcelains roll.

From Your own word, I sought to learn,
The voice of Solomon, wise and deep,
Through barren deserts, dry and stern,
I took Your breath, Your truth to keep.

I dreamed of temples, winding streets,
We sailed through ports and cities wide.
Son of a schoolmarm, where poets meet,
Who teaches them with steady guide.

I chose from You what few still claim —
Your rising, presence, boundless grace,
Your reign in heaven, hell the same,
Your coming at time's last embrace.

Once I sank in waters cold,
Doubting You, denying thrice,
Today we walk through flames so bold,
To judge the hands that nail You twice.



Today I praise, as once before,
You made me prophet, truth to sow,
Through gardens dry where falsehoods tore,
Upon the lifeless trunk below.



Why Have You Distanced Me from Your Life?

In 2010, I traveled to France inspired,
Paris, three months of unjust waiting,
Bureaucratic conspirators delayed my departure.

I sold my apartment to survive.

To Madras, I arrived by late November,
2011, a year that would divide my existence,
April marked the end of classes; confined,
From a tower, I gazed at Chennai's temples.

Three times, like Samuel, you called me,
In the night, from the next room,
I found your image abandoned.
Why do you distance me from your life?

Your bleeding heart shone before me,
"You are not the white man depicted there,"
You replied with a calm, clear voice:
"Don't judge me by my face; judge me by my heart."

Have pity on your European brothers, you added,
They no longer know how to govern, they are lost.

Repentant, I sobbed at your feet,
How could I have judged you by appearances?



Philosophers and poets

Transcendental questions, it is said,
Are unfathomable, without resolve,
With Kant, metaphysics met its end,
Or, like Hecuba, remains confined.

On a Friday night, the Holy Spirit
Opened my third eye in a flash,
I grasped the universe's mysteries,
A vast pain swelled within my chest.

And at once, a sublime joy arose,
"It is the pulse of life," the gods declared,
The next day, I sensed a presence near,
A man who offered me his praise.

It was Socrates, then Aristotle came,
Plato, Shakespeare, Beckett, Shaw,
Hundreds of wise souls embraced me,
Voices that since then speak with me.

Philosophers and poets who in this eternity
Star in my theater-text "The Arcadia Symposium,"
None explained their congratulations,
For, like them, I had reached divine wisdom.



Each one is a vertical axis

Each one is a vertical axis
Each one an island to the side
And you, the inexhaustible, matriarchal path
The one who gives all that is desired

A happiness stolen from Eden
From the game with the laughing child
Who fell one evening on a platform
In Oporto, you dressed him in white

You are a sunset in crystal sacrifice
Over Greenwich, golden harbor,
At its shores, an instrumental *fado*
The universe in an unexpected arm

A being who chose to be all beings
To represent its own creation
Even those who forgot
That to dissolve the ego is to return to God

Love, who entrusts its soul to the Being,
The prayer that wards off even the rogue,
Compassion that brings wrath to healing,
The one from Galilee's sea and storm.





The Sword of Truth He Always Wielded

He was a prophet, and from the mountain
that his people could see from below,
he flattered or rebuked them without deceit,
with verses they secretly resented.

"Fight to attain the truth, study,
and act without abandoning justice —
toward those who love you or hate you —
and never cease to denounce injustice."

"Thus the world will be yours, as it is now mine."

The unbelievers accused him of treachery,
seized him, and threw him into a well,
to wound him with stones from the road.

Seeing him alive, they regrouped
and denounced him anew to the Romans,
who ordered him destroyed in secret:
"We shall not permit another Calvary."

Did they not see the Angels of the Lord?
Three years later, in lands he once held,
heaven and earth surrender their seals to him
and the Sword of Truth he always wielded.





Wouldn't a New Religion Be Better?

Another night, a portentous voice
Told me I would heal the sick
And that multitudes would adore me.
“Why do you love Jesus so much?” it asked.

Wouldn't a new religion be better?
The churches are empty, you saw it,
In Paris, where they offended you
For visiting the Montmartre Church.

You didn't go just to admire its architecture,
But to pray to Mary and the saints.
Didn't a guard threaten you for taking a photo?
With tourism, religions come to an end.

For a moment, I considered its offer,
And my soul tore apart,
Like that of a husband who senses
The pain of the beloved he betrays.

“Never!” I cried, heartbroken,
“I will never abandon my Jesus,”
I added, recalling sweet Bach,
Even if the world wounds my heart.





Struck Who Offered the Other Cheek

I am the builder, clay mold,
Maker of altars and battering rams.
Struck who offered the other cheek —
Seventy-seven times seven.

Who celebrated his Erotic-Sentimental Self
Among scientists and unbelieving monks,
Who attained his Transcendental Self
And became a disciple of his own divinity.

Dust that chose to live without terror
With ideas God granted him,
Who was saved by the saints
Through the love he sought.

The recipient of all offenses,
Who now acts with temperance
Upon the unjust and mischievous beasts,
Who prays for their despair.

My heart is an open altar.
I am the one who forgave his relatives
Who poured poison into my drinks,
Witness of mercy in the stars.





Petrus Romanus

Angel of Canada and America,
King of Portugal, Turkey, and Russia,
Voice of England, exile from France,
Crucified, dead, and resurrected in Colombia.



Hymns to Jesus

Your Compassion Has Been My Virtue

Your compassion has been my virtue,
An intention Kant once called light,
To which in old age he too would turn—
None of your prayers shall be in vain.

And I spoke without vanity or shame
To hidden conspirators, unafraid,
Only against cunning ones well-known,
Salt in a forest of flatterers made.

My fate was, so the conformists thought,
That of a castaway in the open sea,
A prey for beasts to tame and tear—
But I knew the jungle and sea were thine.

I simply believed in the Gospels,
And like you, healed the sick and calmed the storm.
I interceded for Fukushima, and you heard;
Those I forgave, you granted a long life.

“If you suffer injustice,” I wrote on windows,
“Lay your chest on Jesus’, whatever your land.
Let your tears mingle with his own.”
Another suicide was announced in Paris' sewers.





Upon judging men and their creed

And it was a single Being who came,
From a feeling to its adverse realms,
A descent and ascent that gathered
The comedies, the loves, and the failures.

A Being who chose to abandon all memory,
Protagonist of the possible, dethroned,
Pleased in its fall or in its glory,
Satan redeemed and God condemned.

Diversified in all and in me,
A child who embarked on its game,
The yoke I renounced for you,
Alpha of light, omega of fear.

I didn't see it, didn't hear it, I felt it,
The most anguished and solitary pain,
And the most sublime and loving joy,
Thus I knew that from all suffering is Eden born.

After a few days,
I wondered about the meaning of my books,
Narratives of my humiliations and triumphs,
And the voice of God resounded in my mind:



“Upon judging men and their creed,
Take the ashes of what was built,
And meld them in the forges of Toledo,
So they may know we exist.”

I left Tamil and reclaimed my Castilian,
Which in Toledo was my ancestors’ word,
I write since then there, from a bitter sky,
By the cathedral tracing my cobbled streets.



I Anoint You My Prophet

I listen to the Requiem by Tomás Luis de Victoria

In response to a call within me,
While writing a chapter
Of A Kyrgyz Spring.

That cloudless noon,
It was the first of June, 2011,
A flutter echoed at the window,
I rose and saw white doves.

Behind them, a staircase of clouds
Descended from the zenith to my window,
Its perspective was infinite,
I noticed the birds were staring intently

At something — or someone — behind me.
I returned to my room and saw nothing.
Suddenly, I heard a sweet and loving voice:
“For your love of my precepts

Throughout forty years,” he said,
“I bestow upon you all my blessings
And I anoint you my Prophet
To judge the living and the dead.”



And You Entrusted Him With a Voice of Fire

As with Enoch, You took him from the Andes
To the lakes of Europe, Asia, and America,
Across the Milky Way, Frankfurt, and the Alps,
From Pondicherry to the city of Homer.

And You entrusted him with a voice of fire —
To him, who wondered if sin
Was not his indifference to lies,
But the craving for a hasty end.

There in Córdoba's mosque,
You forged, one by one, his antitheses:
Ecstasies embracing all creation,
The womb of religion and its nemesis.

Since childhood, he spoke truth to all,
Even against their will — neither the whip,
Nor unemployment, nor the knife
Could silence a voice that was Yours.

One by one, sins besieged him,
And in each, he revealed his tenderness.
"Why me?" he sobbed to the Lord of Hosts,
Remembering his failings.

"I judge not men by their deeds,"
He heard in the silence, "but by their heart."
And truth flowed through his fears —
Lourdes and Guadalupe, his armor.



And in That Epiphany I Fused Blissfully

The King of Kings spoke with me —
I, presumptuous dust, in my chamber —
For thirty minutes, His wise words
Were my solace and joy.

"Take me with You," I humbly begged,
"I live burdened by so much deceit."
"I suffer more than you," He replied,
"For not having you by My side."

"A Calvary you'll endure for years,
But I'll always be there, with you."
Caressing my troubled soul,
He took my hand and seated me beside Him.

Like Saint Teresa, I felt the rapture,
The infinite support of the Lord.
"Suffer no more, stifling your life,"
He embraced me like John, His most beloved apostle.

I saw Him not, yet He stood by me,
I heard Him not, yet He answered my thoughts.
And since then He converses with me —
"Fear not to proclaim it," He tells me now.

Loving desires are no offense
When born of tenderness and consent,
And in that epiphany I fused blissfully
With the King of Kings, in whom I am one.



God, Father, Yahweh, Allah in all His Splendor

As I departed, an eternal joy stayed in me,
I looked out my window, the breeze came by,
it swayed the leafy crowns, and they greeted me —
for the first time, I heard them speak and sigh.

And in the air, God's presence throbbed and spoke:

—What do you wish? — I felt His voice within.

Gurus locked me in that towering yoke
to face the gods who claimed it from within.

—I want to see! — my wise soul cried aloud.

—So be it —, and from that sacred hour on,
no man could hide from me his thoughts or doubts,
each thought now throbs inside my very crown.

Thus I escaped in twenty-eighteen's snare,
the trap by journalists who sought to shame
my faith as chains passed down in deep despair —
they heard eternity behind my name.

And to the priests who mocked and made a fuss
when half an hour was all I took to wed,
—The Father, Son and Holy Spirit crowned us
with sight that sees the soul's pure thread.

In all my travels under heaven's dome,
I've never met a soul so clear and free
as Leyla, spouse and counselor in my home —
who shares the soul of our mother Mary.



Diseases Will Come

"And I will abandon the false prophets," He told me,
"Those who tried to lead you away from the Truth."
And I saw the men and women of this land
With whom I had shared so many days.

I was reading the Psalms when I felt déjà vu,
September 11, the year 2001,
I also heard the Creator's wrath
Against the nation that bombed Iraq.

For in May, in Chicago, a university
Hired me for a script they valued,
Yet, due to the intrigues of two professors, they canceled it.
I prayed in Manchester: "Let Your will be done."

I was writing my treatise on Global Metaphysics
"Being God," when I received a call.
"There are bombs in New York," said my wife.
I imagined an attack, but not a fatal one.

I was writing that we live in simultaneous infinites
When again my wife urged me to watch
What was happening live on television.
I dismissed her and kept talking with Zeno.

Her third call forced me to answer.
"Judy begs for information," she said, worried.
"They have bombed the Pentagon."
I turned on the news and saw the towers fall.

I recalled my introspection that morning,
And recognizing my indifference
Toward those who had thwarted my career,
I prayed for them, as I now did for India.

I argued they were not without nobility.
In my intense defense, I fell into a deep slumber.
Upon waking, the buildings were swaying —
It was Shiva's wrath when the Lord departs.

Yet the screams of the women moved me.
"For Your blessings, Lord, return!" I pleaded.
And the concrete blocks calmed,
Like the waves of Capernaum after the storm.

"For I am leaving those who despise me."
"But they are my generation, Lord," I pleaded.
"The earthquakes will lessen," He consoled me,
"But the diseases will come."



They Once Saw You Walking with Me

They once saw you walking with me,
On your chest, you longed for me,
You, the wisest, the most prudent,
With whom I conversed since childhood.

I know you protect those who love you,
As much as those who hate you,
Today my voice no longer hides you, and it cries out,
Scriptures and slanders bear witness to it.

Since the time I quarreled beneath the birches,
Against a boy I defeated,
But before striking him, I decided,
Upon remembering you, to seek no more revenge.

Until my wait in the Elysian Fields,
When I aided my greatest enemy,
And endured her cunning retaliation,
You were preparing my consecration.

You give as the world would not give,
The swift clouds of Manchester told us,
After Portuguese caravels
Exalted us from Porto to your feet.



Evidence of the decline of earthquakes

Proof of the Decline of Earthquakes
If you doubt, brother, my testimony,
and science pulls you away from truth,
grasp my domain through numbers:

I will cite the dead the earth has left behind.
Before two thousand twelve we lived the insomnia
of a planet unleashed by constant quakes:
two hundred ninety-six thousand fell

since 2002 — a grim inheritance.
Until God granted me forgiveness,
in anguish at a ruthless end,
thirty thousand each year were lost,

a tragic collective average.
And after April eleventh, twenty twelve,
God had mercy, the mourning eased:
Read! Only seventy thousand have died

in thirteen years due to tremors.
Eighty-seven percent fewer,
the earth lies still, attentive to these words.
Proclaim them! she cries, weeping to the species

this generation hurls toward extinction.
And the pandemic came as foretold,
a punishment we thank the Creator for:
natural plagues are not misfortunes,

dying is no evil for the immortal.
God corrects injustice through death,
destroys lies and fatal evils,
He reigns over poor and powerful alike,

and scorns fame, money, and power.
The Mayans announced it in a calendar,
their astrologers carved their end,
foreseeing the yoke of conquerors,

they chose a collective eternity instead.
They never knew the Master's light,
Christ, who risen, redeems us,
nor the Holy Trinity, revealed in the noble:

in Joseph, Moses, Noah — in my own life.
In Ciphered History, I have written it to you:
Has science weakened your faith so much?
Will you abandon so many exiled souls
who stopped believing in God as they grew?



"You Are Made of Abraham's Metal," He Told Me

The silks and jewels of Hindustan
The friendship of its warriors
Without celebrations, on the edge of a blade
As the Upanishads prescribed for us



And Job, and the saints and poets rejoiced in me
Wandering upon a world in ruin
Trusting I would find paradise
Though never in this world – his kingdom too

"You are made of Abraham's metal," he told me
"Who dared believe among spiritual ruins,
Trusted in my omnipresence and wisdom
In an age of cold marble and slander."

My words from now on will be fire
For generations I already foresee,
Less fearful than the girls
Who shall remain illuminated

Those I grew up with only wanted to play
I preserve their hope,
Tender seed of certainties
Cause of every form and matter

Ours is the Tree of Eden
reclaimed for every soul,
And we shall judge – presided by babies –
the living and the dead, your Kingdom restored.



Mary, Mother of Those Who Suffer

Mary, mother of those who suffer,
It was you who guided me to your son,
When, indoctrinated by Jesuits,
I reduced my love for Jesus to Arian heresy.



It was you who led me to Nevada,
When no one in the USA wanted to hire me.
There you opened my only film script
On the page where Philip II walked in Portugal.

Portugal opened its green paths to me,
Overcoming bureaucratic barriers.
You facilitated my work visa
On August 20, 1998, in the United States.

I left Philadelphia at seven in the morning,
And arrived in Newark at nine.
A score of applicants were lined up,
In my urgency, I skipped the line.



A just man denounced me,
But seeing me, he did not see my anguish
But your loving presence.
"No problem," he said, dazzled.

"It needs authorization at the New York Embassy,"
The consul told me; my plane was leaving at four.
I rushed out at eleven to my car,
Which an envious colleague had crashed.

And I prayed to you not to miss my flight.
You opened the highways before me,
And without knowing New York, you led me
To the Embassy in the middle of Manhattan.

Then I prayed to you every day,
I found parking on a street
Where no one else finds it.
And I saw a lady approach.

I feared, as so many times, rejection,
But this lady smiled at me and listened.
"Where is the Portuguese embassy?"
Right in the middle of this block, she said.

I entered, it was twelve, and I was immediately attended.
"How strange that there's no work today,"
Said the official, stamping my Colombian passport.
I left immediately, seeking the Lincoln Tunnel.

I feared a traffic jam,
But the streets turned that Thursday,
Miraculously empty in New York.
I entered the tunnel without a single car beside me.



And I took uncongested highways,
Accelerated, and no officer stopped me.
In Philadelphia, it was two-thirty
When I returned my car to creditors,
Ignoring dishonest temptations.

"You'll miss the flight," Azucena and Coralie repeated,
But in my chest, you instilled hope.
I presented myself at the window at three-twenty.
"You're lucky there's a delay."

I boarded the plane and was seated in the first row.
At dawn on August twenty-first, Paris shone brightly.
By the end of the month, I arrived by train in Portugal,
Where I investigated your apparitions in Fátima.

"The sun detached before eighty thousand people,"
An atheist embittered by science told me,
"But it wasn't for the Virgin or God, but for a UFO."
I went to Fátima and did my penance on my knees.

Without cushions, my legs were flayed,
For Colombia, for the world, for mankind,
But even more for my love for you.
At that time, I was writing my first novel.



And one night, I saw you disconsolate,
With channels marked on your face
From so many tears, from so much weeping.
"Why are you sad?" I asked.

"No one believes anymore," you sobbed.

"What can I do?" I asked.

"Read chapter fifteen of Acts."

I woke up with my mind illuminated.

"To be Christian, it is enough," they concluded
In Acts of the Apostles fifteen,
Paul and Peter, "not to harm another
And to stop frequenting brothels."

My battered beliefs returned,
The garden I loved so much and thought lost,
The oasis that protected me from the floggings
That I suffered for ten years in my childhood.

"New Afternoons in Manhattan" was written
By a theologian seeking to define God.
And to Shakespeare's land you led me,
So that they might see me walk its green meadows.

There I conversed with its philosophers
And explained that atheism is also Christian
If one acts without intrigue and without malice.
In the end, they asked me to define God.

They published my philosophical comments,
Forged in studies of many years.
The Crisis of Atheism and, for the encyclopedia
Published in Oxford, The Definition of God.



Petrus Romanus

For you, I have been honest and sincere.
For you, I have suffered persecution and harassment,
Contempt, familial humiliations,
A divorce brought about by French politicians.



Today I sing to you and thank you, Mother,
For having protected me throughout my steps.
As I write to you, it appears on my screen:
"We are going to kill you," and I fear for them.

Who under your care fears threats?
For, as François Villon sang,
You are the empress of beautiful heavens
And of these, our infernal plains.



Hymns to Jesus

Yours is the destiny of every human being,
Yours the care of this world,
Yours the birds and the beasts, yours the children,
Yours the end of suffering and the Pandemic.

For in your lap, God finds comfort,
And it is through you that Jesus and I are already one.
On my forty-third birthday,
Issac and Vikram took me to a sacred tree.

Here we know that trees are the homes
Inhabited by goddesses, they explained,
Showing me a noble banyan.
I asked them to photograph me.

In my chest burned the certainty of your company.
Suddenly Vikram's face showed fear
At a globe of light that portrayed behind me,
Drawing a maiden's silhouette.

"Do not fear," I said upon seeing it, "it is our Mother
Who restored my faith in Jesus' embrace,
The Blessed Virgin Mary, in infinite love,
With the Child God nestled in her arms."



By your grace, heaven opened new paths,
Guiding me to the core of my spiritual journey.
You led me to holy places,
Where your love and presence I felt ever more.

To you I dedicate these verses for my Lord,
A tribute from one who was always yours,
Protector of those who suffer injustices,
Mary, mother, our sweet intercessor



Today, Those Sufferings Are But History

So many were the offenses,
As a teenager, I portrayed vagabonds,
Reluctant to destroy your harps,
Among heralds who claimed to be prophets.

And I never yielded to conspiracies,
Ancestors and poets encouraged me,
In the immense power of those who imitate you,
Hope of the downtrodden.

And in my journey, I lost everything I had,
My hometown still holds traces
Of false testimonies and intrigues,
Infamies that now lie dry beneath the dust.

Like so many, I loved and was deceived,
I knew passion, coldness, and lust,
I never hid my faults, true to your truth,
I allowed myself to be humiliated before sinning.

Today those temptations are but history,
For those who do good, a vain dream,
And grace, a mansion with wide terraces,
From where we watch the wicked perish.



You Forged This Sand in Truth

At ten years old, strumming a guitar,
They handed me a Bible and a crucifix,
On the eve of my sister's passing,
Thus, upon departing, I knew I lost nothing.

But by reading you, you forged this sand into truth,
Revealing to me the intentions of men,
From the green slates of Scotland,
To the burning hills of Nevada.

As a teenager, I longed to be a Jesuit and sing to you,
"You don't know the world," my father said,
And I exhausted its pleasures one by one,
Unmasking their banality.

In the ancient kingdoms of Asia,
You make of me a word of testimony,
Of the invincibility of love and truth,
Over selfish, presumptuous philosophies.

I have helped demons with good hearts,
And prelates with perverse intentions,
And in universities, you preserve me,
Correcting their errors, like a teacher.



Rewrite Your Film Script

At last, my questions ran dry,
and my Lord questioned me in silence:
“There’s something I want you to fix,” He said.
“I’ll do it at once!” I exclaimed, ecstatic.

“I want you to rewrite your film’s ending—
not as a play, but as a Mass.”
I understood He meant the very script
I’d received for my work in Portugal.

The tale of Lucrecia de León, prophetess,
who claimed to be Pope and refused
to join a plot against the King of Spain
upon learning she’d have to kill him.

Lucrecia was tried and condemned,
but—O imagination, voice of God!—
she was saved before the crowd by the Creator,
who shields those who renounce crime.

That very evening, I toiled without rest,
rewriting “The Spanish Prophetess”.
You’ll find it among Petrus Romanus’ works:
a film that will touch the nations!

I am the one who, expecting nothing, delivers the world

I am the one who, without expecting anything, delivers the world

The student who, in the vicinity of Babel,
Discussed Schopenhauer, Aristotle, and Kant
A minstrel who in Bogotá made the globe his stage

An angel sent to the valley of the Delaware
To judge its racism and selfishness
Seeing you soar, they clipped your wings one by one
Dooming themselves to the loss of their immortality

The one who portrayed the egotism of Manhattan
And conversed with visionaries of other creeds
Who disbelieved in the Latin American explosion
And corrected English theologians

Who partook in a tragedy that is Colombia
And represented its borders in India
Who linked semiology to cinema
And photographed a world that feared perishing

Whom you lead through abbeys and nations
With films of children and fishermen
Experiences that France has bestowed
Who today honors you in his eternal existence



But those who make their hearts your own

The path shone like a mirror,
a golden trail where men and women
awaited the promise of your salvation—
once strong, now fallen.



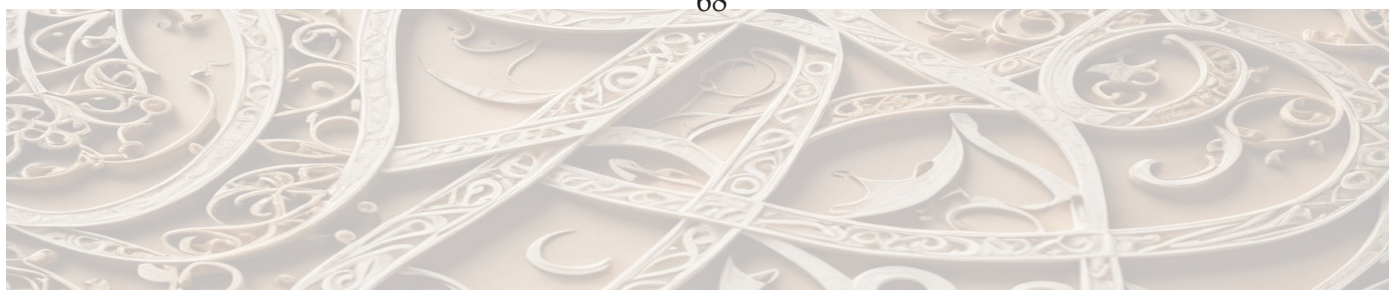
I was a child, scorned for reading,
spurning trophies of sport.
Several teachers discerned
that my love for You surpassed all ambition.

And before classmates they praised me;
today your presence confirms their vision —
a voice that leads me against my age
to obey not the world, but God.

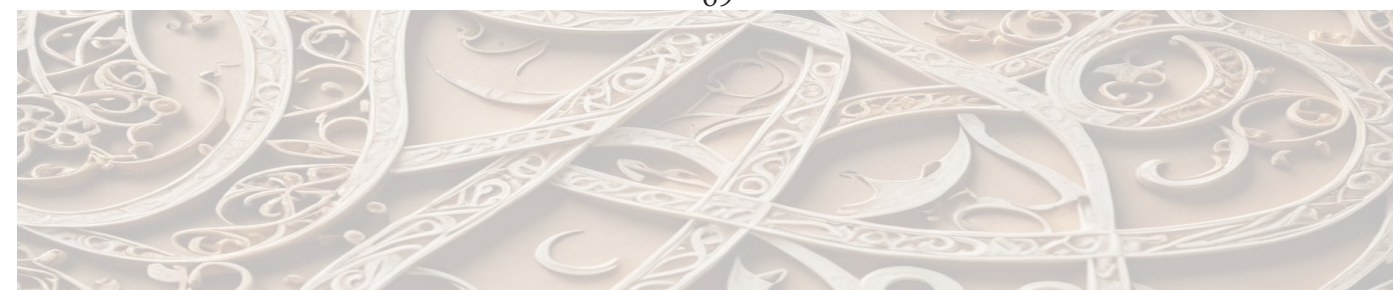
What profit is it to gain the world,
you taught me, if it costs one's soul?
And like Joseph, I chose you, sovereign Word,
with whom I share the miracle of another day.

For those who make their hearts your own
are the flesh of your new coming —
from the dusky temples of Barichara
to the floating arches of Córdoba.

You will speak with my voice and be heard,
and you shall write the tale of the just.
Kings will seek your counsel,
and you will stand for my power in the world's mysteries.



The Lusitan chapels still bear witness,
ruins of a vast endeavor
to thank you, Creator of the sphere,
for the space between the earth and the heavens.





And in our communion, house of us both

For life is a fragile board
of rules few care to follow,
sand that scorns the weight of love
where pain's green grass begins to grow.

You live as knowledge in human hearts —
in failure and in restoration,
in secrets spun by deep reflection,
voices that still proclaim justice.

Oasis and calm for those who have fallen,
the giver in secret of all that is needed,
King who soothes the blows of my life
and gently corrects my faults.

You reign in the highest citadels
of an imagination forged in wounds —
a truth no less real than reality itself,
the maker who has endured all suffering.

And in our communion, house of us both,
we form the Grand Canyon of the spirit —
a space no philosophy can bestow,
of the one who keeps your feeling in their soul.



They Will Call You Mad for Me

They will call you mad for me,
for, though I am always by your side,
you, like all others, will not know the ways
of Him who can do all and creates all.





Yet you will always be heard,
and to every unbeliever who confronts you,
you will respond, for you are the mediator
between earth and heaven, His Prophet.

“Though you destroy me, I will believe in You,”
I replied, like Job, to my Lord.
“And I will tell them: Is it not beautiful to believe in Christ,
God of love, of truth, of sacrifice?

I will not accept malice or intrigue,
nor the lie that oppresses the just.
If you say it is an illusion of my mind,
let it be my most beautiful illusion:

the one that defeats evil with good,
that rules heavens and earth,
that punishes terrorists and charlatans.

And behold: Have I not stopped terror and tremors?
Have I not extinguished fires, dried tears?
Have I not healed the sick? Or do you, per chance,
expect me to raise the dead once more?”



Master of Melchizedek

By your precepts I have risked everything,
And among all bards of this age,
I am a lily on the edge of a rock,
Scribe of the blessedly condemned.





The one who makes of his solitude a union
Between what your heart has been and mine,
The origin of the world's interpretations,
The one who points to a new creed in atheism.

And yet, the one who worships you the most, O Jesus!

Who every day sheds tears
Remembering your Calvary for our sins —
A love I share for the world's salvation.

The one John foretold in our ages:
A Kingdom without division or property,
Without races that draw borders,
Nor brothers who impose allegiance.

No religions that forbid or condemn,
But which lead us to the same home.
Religion in Babel was but one,
That confused a single God into thousands.

Stones speak and tongues dissolve,
So I will teach millions of young souls
In a university without rules —
Arcadia, womb of brotherhood.



I will give them the gift to read the mind and soul,
Blessings God has granted me,
And they shall discern the corrupt from the just,
Reading the full destiny of every being.

For you entrusted me with the Book of Sand,
Upon the waves of Istanbul.
We shall ride upon islands as your horsemen
Before hordes of begging illiterates.

Only well-intentioned deeds,
Gestures of nobility once despised,
Preserve the flock of the righteous
Among packs that tear each other apart.





Never Stop Longing a Just World

*“Tell me, friend,” asked the Beloved, “will you have
patience if I double your pains?”
“Yes,” replied the friend, “so long as you double your loves.”*

Ramón Llull

Only those who acknowledge their faults are Christian,
Wrote Kierkegaard in Denmark,
A concept of anguish that was life itself—
Now indifference in your believers, Christ.

Why fear pain and injustice
When you dwell in the shelter of supreme love?
The greater the trials, the greater your glory,



For the wise know every storm will pass.

"Tell me, friend," my Beloved asked,
"Will you have patience if I double your pain?"
"Yes," I said, "but redouble your love,
For in your sacrifices my soul was forged."

Never stop longing for a just world.
Reality is but a crust
Left by those who once dreamed.
At death, you leave only your intentions behind.

And the Being who created the worlds,
The growth of your very thought,
Who in union with all creatures
Is the whisper of this voice you yearn for.





The Anvil of the Lord Is the Light of Truth

Of you and Tamerlane, the prudence
To endure offenses until your fury corrects,
And those I heard raise false testimonies,
I saw fall by their own arrogance.



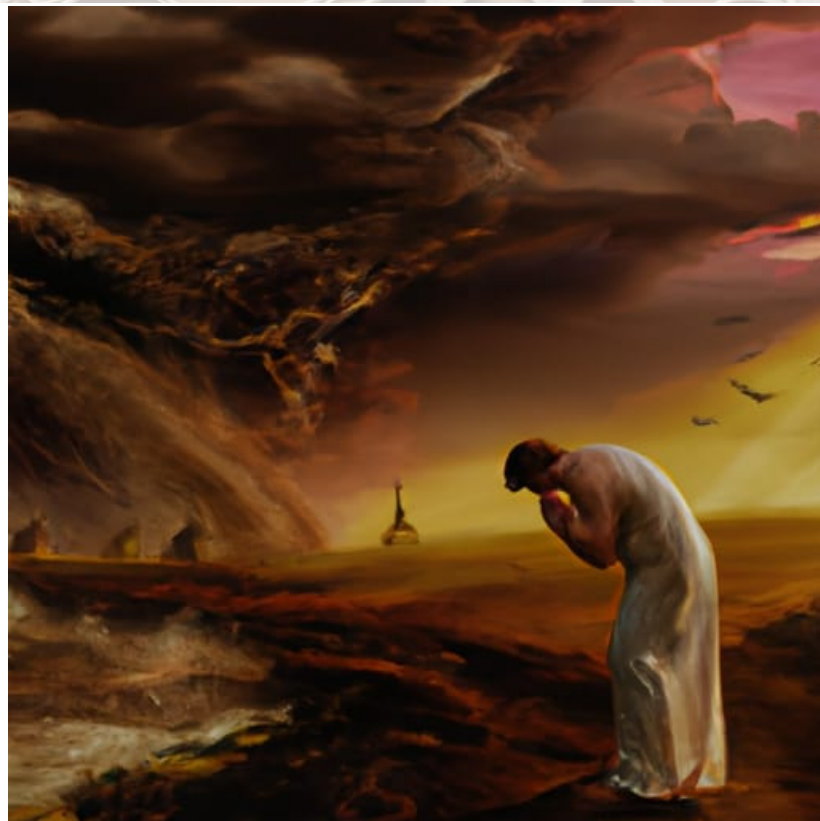
The anvil of the Lord is the light of truth,
A bolt that exposes the perils of power
And denounces the fallacies of spurious knowledge
Of those who, insulting God, wish to be God.

You read and preached before congregations
That God was truth, that truth was God,
Yet you hid it to spare the guerrilla,
Who, tempted by poverty, chooses to kill.

For before knowledge, you discern intent:
Who shares or hoards granted gifts,
Who makes the teacher a judge of the spirit,
Or who enables youthful excesses.

"Some do not deserve to live," a Tamil warrior
Told me, condemning a wicked man.
But human justice is banal
To the One who writes the world's story.





And You Shall Dispose of the Universe

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," – that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know*

Keats

And you shall command the universe,
To fulfill your designs,
The love your deepest longing foresees,
From the caress that conceived you.



Before I embarked, I revered the Word,
That I am nothing when I am myself,
The observer common to all men,
The ultimate Will of those who exist.

"Is it not too much for one man?"
"Because you were once in our bosom, Hugo,
And, moved by compassion, you returned –
An actor who agreed to embody God."

For truth is the actor's beauty,
And your poetry has been to live in truth,
So sang Keats, and ere William Shakespeare:
"Show virtue her own feature."

And all experiences return triumphant,
Once fleeting, now eternalized,
For our consciousness is but behaviors
Emitted by dawn toward the past.

The rest is waiting and survival,
Among men who also suffer,
In the open university of life,
We proclaim your truth and beauty.





You shall expose those who sought to harm you.

And in the end, what will you recall of your pain?

A series of naïve attempts to destroy you —

You, who interceded in love for their intrigues,

You, whose wisdom or inspiration was mine.

Like wooden houses swept away by a hurricane,

You shall expose those who sought to harm you

For your knowledge of the living and the dead,

For the certainty of my resurrection.

You will reveal the intentions of men,

And open the purple seal that shields them.

And with my silver mantle, you shall turn demons

While celebrating the love the spheres profess to me.

You shall heal those who must amend their wrongs,

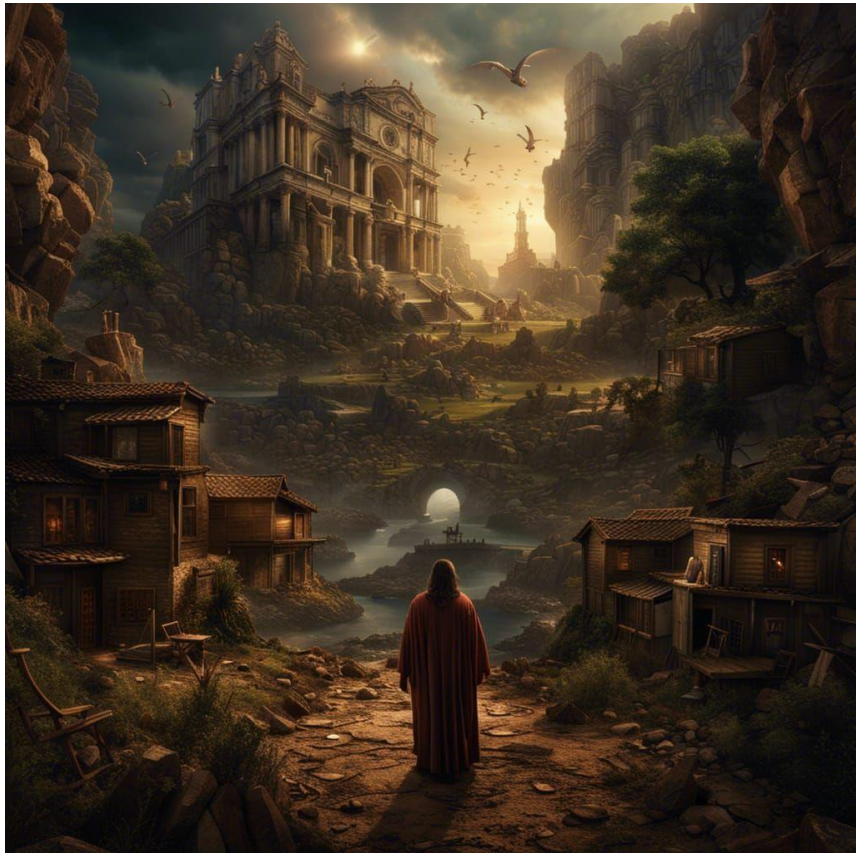
And end the pain of those who have reached Eden,

Giving a gentle end to the sick —

With you, attachment to life's pleasures ceases.



No one shall harm even your shadow
In the ascension of the Holy Spirit.
I will always be with you, for with your life,
You sing my glory with all the angels.



Beautiful Lord, Who With Your Love Wilt Diseases

I praise You, Lord, for Your miracles,
Those few see yet celebrate each day –
For majestic dawns and the sea’s restless sway,
For skies translucent as the infinity within me.

For heartbeats ceaselessly sustaining me,
And shadows of trees in promised Jerusalem,
Where, dying betrayed by Your own,
You proved love’s power, rising above all anguish.

One by one, churches will replace the cross
With Your resurrected heart, the just’s emblem.
Deceit and lies will be silenced,
Your apostles expose hypocrisy’s venom.

Beautiful Lord, whose love withers all illnesses,
And stills the death throes of the earth,
Who strengthens earnest hearts with a blessing,
And with storms thwarts the vilest designs.

Thank You now and always, living God,
Armor of those who thirst for justice,
Amid howls of wolves craving to be tamed –
And thanks for children, hope unending.





Jesus Also Needs Me

*We are all called to be mothers of God,
for God always needs to be born*

— Meister Eckhart



Not only do I need God,
God also needs me —
the pilgrim of this generation,
who intercedes for our joy in Christ.

The one who, when no one else believed in You,
recognized You through Your wisdom and love,
and fearlessly proclaimed You King to the world:
One in me, and both in the Father and Holy Spirit.

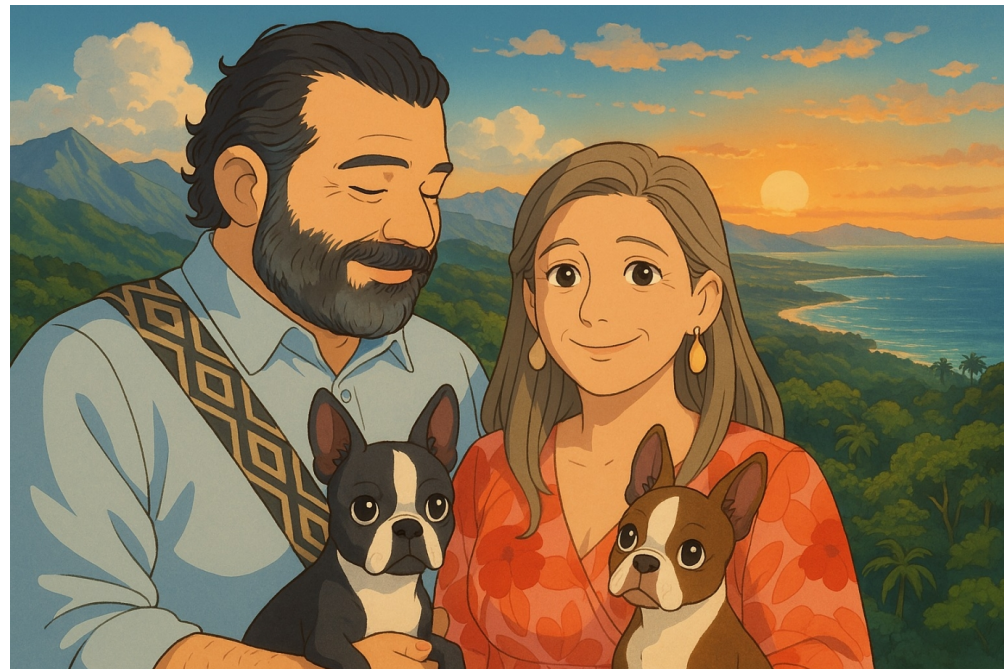
For prophets are not mere messengers,
but creatures of God's will —
men and women who suffer without suffering,
of brief wrath and constant forgiveness.

We all are called — so Meister Eckhart writes —
To be God's mothers, vessels of Her form.
In every soul, the silent spark ignites,
For God must evermore be born in men.

Because the Universe is an unfinished project,
incarnate in every flower and child,
and You, the Lamb who gave His life for our joy,
received Creation's infinite love in return.



The Protector who inspires these days,
the Light that educated me outside Your Church,
to mediate between heaven and earth,
to understand the weaknesses of my time.



Because I am not the only witness to this dream

In the freedom we once had,
my hands chose to embrace you.
Without heralds, the nations fell at my feet.
I paint scepters of our covenant in the clouds.

And you carried me to the ends of the earth.
I saw the sun cross the sky at your command,
celebrating the journey I had begun.
The maples wept gently as I departed.

For your creation loves me too —
from the clouds that descended upon me,
to the rain that retreats as I walk away,
and the earth that begs me to save all her creatures.

Because I am not the only witness to this dream.
I carry with me all those to whom I speak,
children and saints who celebrate my faith.
Suffering is but an offering to You.

Giving love without receiving in return,
you planted flowers in the garden of my chest.

I offer them in the eternity of each day,
with the infants who rule us from their throne.



Until a Day After Your Death

Like insects are our vampires and fairies;
our relatives, friends, and loved ones
appear as demons or angels in our days,
beings through whom we love or suffer.

Ambition, vanity, betrayal, and deceit,
the shortcuts to a glory that agnostics praise,
like the youngest fish in a pond
that bite the hook and fall into despair.

Because all matter is as fragile as air,
this feeling and thought is in eternity.

Before blessing the pure in heart,
simply love enemies and friends,

with that patience that goes beyond your endurance.

Until when? We ask on the steps of Montmartre,
until a day after your death,
and the universe will bow in its vast embrace.

Children of God we are called to be gods.

Do not heed smiling celebrities
who pretend to have won it all.

We are nothing here and everything in eternity.

In the Role of Victim of Injustice

And I, the actor improvising this play,
in the role of victim of injustice,
have received your comfort and embrace,
and an eye that gently perceives the attempts of my adversaries.

With inhuman smiles, they feign happiness,
with medications their psychiatrists prescribe,
from a tormented house to a nursing home,
they are slaves to the repetitive pleasures of the day.

Wearing themselves out in others' competitions,
in revenge for unintended offenses,
in vanities that turn them into monsters,
in pleasures that make them slaves.

But in my perseverance,
I have seen the eternal light, the ecstasy of joy,
the marriage between faith and reason in the hope
of your bosom, a gem that shines in love and justice.

It was in a circus on the shores of Montreal
that I invited an old woman without money who greeted me.

There we saw Prospero command demons,
forgiving frenzies, controlling storms.





Petrus Romanus

Astonished, I Live, Captivated by Your Sacrifice

Astonished I live, captivated by your sacrifice,
and in my solitude, I offer what I used to be
and what I longed to become at your absent feet,
simply letting be, buying pomegranates.

And though like all men and women,
I too suffer the ambitions of a day,
I survive thanks to your promises and hope,
balm that prevents sin and sorrow.

Your word is a treasure all can see,
but no one dares to carry out anymore,
intimidated by scientists, bankers, and courtesans,
whom I refute with miracles and poems.

For destiny is yours, O King of Truth,
advocate of those who reach you in prayer,
shield of hearts untouched by intrigue,
of lives that continue beyond death.

Eternal, I have never cared for fame,
nor for whether the world praised or despised me.
Your resurrection is the peace of your beloved ones,
with no motive but your voice, I write these books.



Hymns to Jesus

I Have Read Philosophers Insulting Your Creation

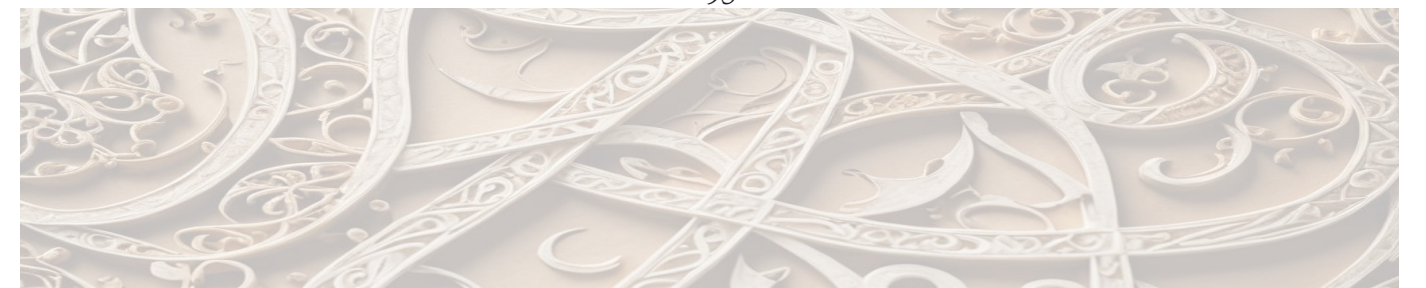
Like Eve, like Cain, like Judas and Napoleon,
I too was raised in the false faith
that we were the creators of our own destiny,
the source of all selfishness or crime.

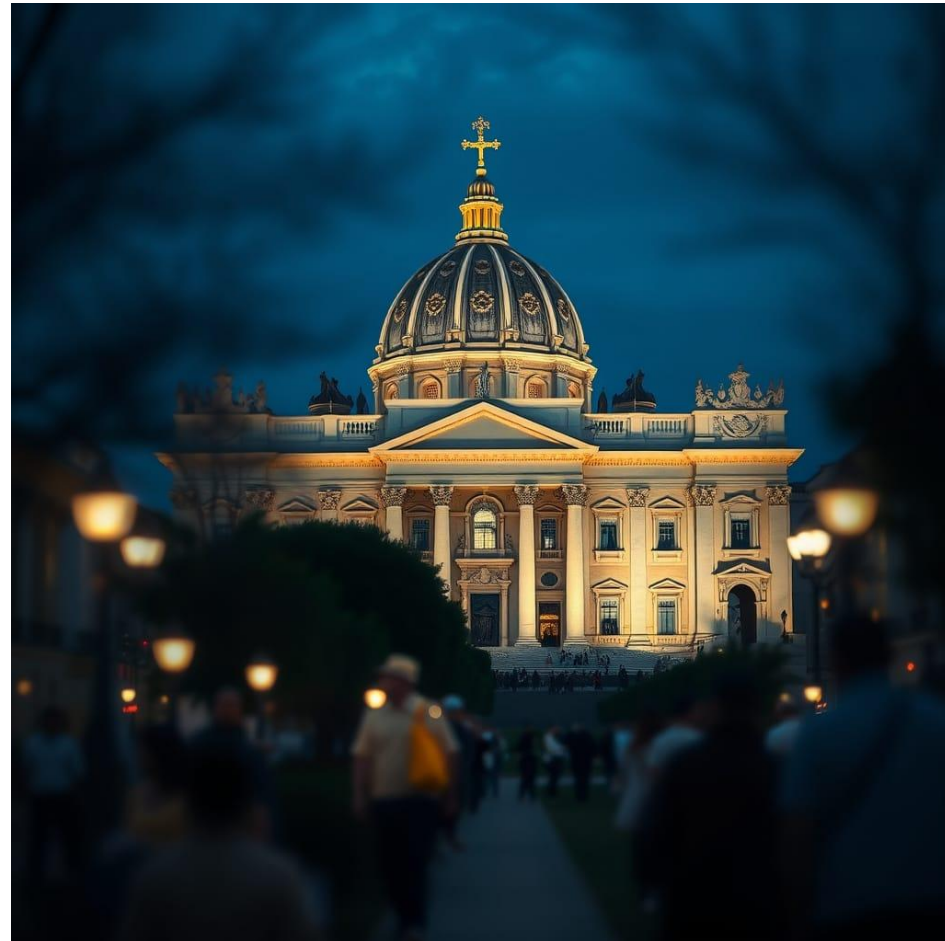
And I see the world's elite boast
that the control of history belongs to them alone,
over crowds they rule through deprivation,
where disease and betrayal are their currency.

I have read philosophers insult your creation,
heard playwrights kneel before murder,
senseless politicians who promised happiness,
and journalists who too often forget love.

I have preached to wandering youths,
raised with capricious desires,
supported by their abandoned mothers.
I have done penance for their fate,

for I have worked wonders in your name.
Upon this red desert, I make your faith my biography,
above religions, creeds, and philosophies—
like Saint Peter, I must free so many others.





I Prefer to See the World as Just a Toy

I prefer to see the world as just a toy,
An immense planet where children play,
Trials of villains, sleepless nights,
The sorrow of lost love and betrayal.

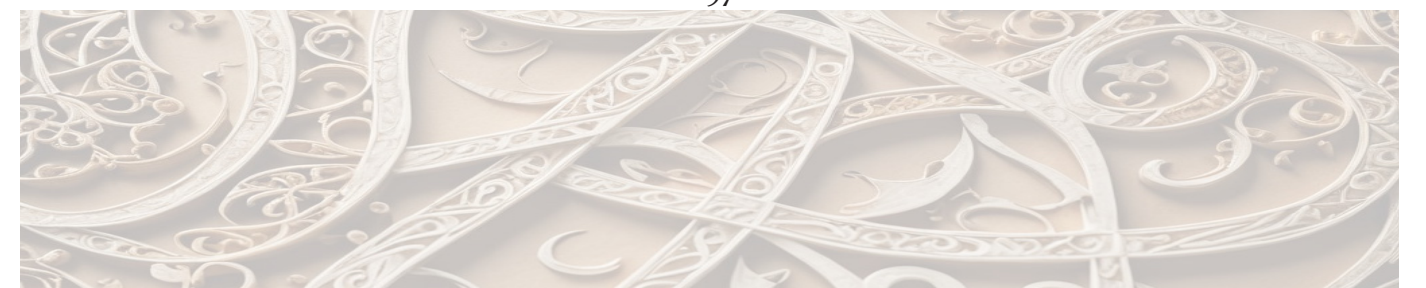


I prefer to see the world as just a toy,
And ourselves, pieces on a chessboard,
At the mercy of the most skilled players,
Unable to rebel without surveillance.

I prefer to see the world as just a toy,
Of gods who can discern the nature of the game,
And of those who refuse to understand its rules,
Some moved by will, others by deceit.

I prefer to see the world as just a toy,
Of babies who happily grasp the challenge,
And who, in their eagerness to become adults,
Forget the game's first instructions.

I prefer to tell that we are the same Being
Who forgot itself to be reborn in you,
Who, in suffering, longs to reclaim its greatness,
Whose remedy is to dissolve into Christ.





Victories Sprang from Your Word

It's true, the sun may die tomorrow,
we may lose a relative, a dear friend,
the walkers exposed to disease and decay,
and yet, do you not have this sunny day?

Look at yourself, secure or fragile,
the seed of all the joy you need,
and grant blessings without fear,
simply asking yourself,
how often should I thank you?

You move mountains and calm the seas,
I have seen men praise You with fireworks,
victories sprang from Your word,
if ever famous, I will be the wise man's prayer.

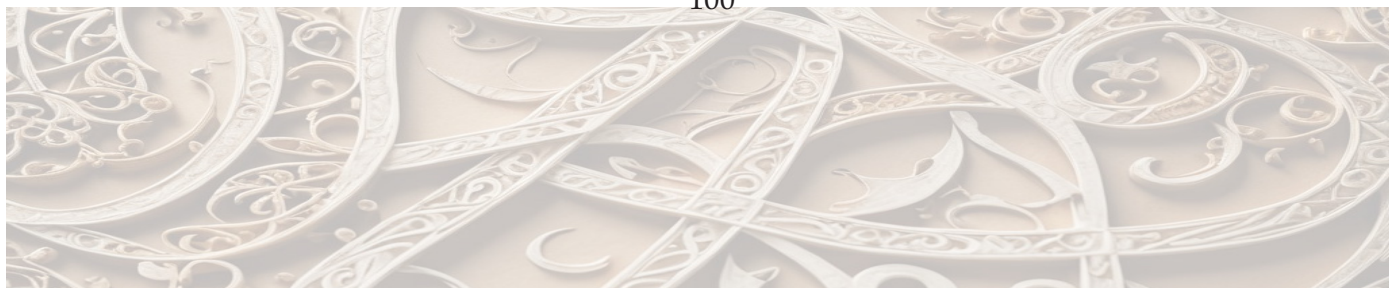
I have seen snakes immobilized by Your command,
I have survived many chariot falls,
caressed elephants and defeated murderers,
for You bless and protect those who remember You,

those who praise You for this world
in a milieu that offers greed and selfishness,
despising imagination and knowledge,



reducing men to their ability to lie.

Those who fear death do not intimidate us,
I see them spreading fear, moaning and crying,
considering death their worst disgrace,
when it is the path to nothingness, heaven's door.



You Who Walked Beside Me

You who walked beside me, heart in flame,
Through visions, trials, love, and holy name,
In every verse, a soul was found anew —
The Judge, the Friend, the One who sees us through.

Go now, blessed ones, the fire is in your hands,
The Kingdom waits where truth and justice stand.
I leave these songs, but not the path we trod,
For in your heart, you've heard the voice of God.

You read of doves, of cities bathed in grace,
Of Mary's tears and every sacred place.
You saw me wrestle darkness, rise in light,
To kiss the cross, to speak with Love's own might.

I was not special — only called to sing,
To bear the Word, the wound, the crown, the ring.
But you, O reader, mirror of the skies,
Were always chosen — now arise, arise!

Go now, blessed ones, the fire is in your hands,
The Kingdom waits where truth and justice stand.
I leave these songs, but not the path we trod,
For in your heart, you've heard the voice of God.





Farewell, brothers of feeling and night,
Carry His name, be torches in the fight.
And if you ask, "Who was he, this Petrus voice?"
Say, "We wept with Christ, and made the world rejoice."



Epilogue: The Capitulation of Rome

Fourteen years have passed, and what is written here
Reveals itself as present, not a mere vain dream.
The prophet writes not for the past nor the future,
But for the one who reads and finds in it the human.

In these verses, every being is reflected,
They mend their essence, their most hidden truth.
The mystery of God, or the Goddess, or nothingness,
Love lacks ego, it renounces its guilt.

My name matters little; we are God or the fire,
We are pure feeling, the honesty that guides,
The love, the truth you spoke as a child,
The charity that diverts so much evil.

I was persecuted by a Pope who denied God,
My prayer is the punishment that expiates him.
He will confess the truth written in this book,
The child thanks the voice that corrected him.





Here, I preached the truth and its worth,
To lie is the work of Pharisees and schemers.
Do not fear to offend your brothers,
If your intention is love and constancy.

The stones sing my presence in this time,
In a generation trapped in lies,
That instils the fear of death and silence,
And denies God, the soul, the pious minds.

We are God's angels, or the Creator Himself,
If we love Him, His light shines within us.
And listen well, we will firmly impose
The Kingdom of Heaven upon this clay.

There will be no lie, no intrigue, no plot,
Only the light of love that gave life to the stones.

*Chennai, Frankfurt, Atlanta, Ottawa, Montreal, Saint
Vincent's Abbey, Sincelejo, 2012 – 2025*



Proof